

Fawn Bracy  
Mother of William Tyrell Bracy  
2537 Decatur Avenue, Apt. 6  
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Your Honor,

My name is Fawn Bracy and I am William Tyrell Bracy's mother. I am writing you to consider leniency for my son, who we call Tyrell, as you decide what sentence he deserves for his conviction. He is a good son and father and we are all heartbroken about this terrible tragedy. My heart goes out to the mother and family of the young man who died.

I would like to tell you a little bit about myself, my son, and our family. This a hard letter to write. I never thought that I would be writing a letter like this. My son is a loving caring son, I have watched him become a loving father, which wasn't surprising because family has always been so important to him. We are very close. We talk about everything and he always comes to me for advice and to figure things out. Even when things are hard, we talk. Sometimes it takes a day or two but he always tells me everything, no matter what.

It has not been an easy road for my son. When he was born he was put up for adoption because of my addiction. The hospital took him before I could even bring him home. He was placed in foster care until the age of two. The first thing I did when I finished treatment was get custody of Tyrell. I am now 23 years clean.

It was rough during that time I think because I was getting my life back together and it's not easy to be with a single mother like that. Despite our situation, not having much, Tyrell would always give things away to kids he thought didn't have anything. Not that we did either but somehow he was always taking care of others. As he grew older, Tyrell was protective of his younger cousins and always looked out for them. He was kind of like a mentor, helping them with their homework and keeping them out of trouble.

I was a mother that constantly checked on my son, called him, and knew where he was. It wasn't easy because in our neighborhood they took away the afterschool programs, the activity centers, and summer programs. He used to play in the school yard right behind our building complex. The school yard was kind of like our backyard and it was always filled with kids playing, and in the summers there were organized programs. But when they took that away, the kids were left with nothing. They would just hang out in our building courtyard.

At the age of 12 was when things got harder for us. The NYPD was stopping him all the time and harassing him. They would stop him for silly things like jaywalking and

spitting on the sidewalk or being in groups with his friends. It got so bad that another family from the complex and myself sued the NYPD for police harassment. We won. Unfortunately, the harassment didn't stop.

Speaking honestly, it felt like a living hell. I knew I had to get my family out of there because it was not a normal way to live. My health was not great at the time and this experience made things so much worse. I was hospitalized four separate times, given a pacemaker, put on blood pressure medications, and a night time breathing machine.

Eventually the Captain of the 44<sup>th</sup> precinct suggested that I come to the precinct and he would give me a letter for a safety transfer which would help us relocate. I did this. And after 16 years of living in the building, the building where Tyrell had lived since he was 2, we moved to New Jersey. This decision was not easy. It meant leaving our family, community, and strong network of friends. Hardest of all it meant Tyrell had to travel much farther to see his pride and joy, his son. Tyrell has always been a part of his son's life and he was not about to change that. It was rough but he made sure to see his son regularly, to show up as a consistent father.

Unfortunately, we were not able to stay in New Jersey. My health got much worse and my doctors wanted me closer to where I was getting care. It was also difficult to be living in a new place so far from the support of our friends and family. After a year of being away we came back to the Bronx. I had no idea that coming back would lead us to the hardest years of our lives.

I know my son has made mistakes and done some bad things, and he was wrong to associate with gang members. But I can I tell you from my heart that he knows it. I hope as you look at him that you can see the good in him too. He has spoken with me on visits about how deeply sorry he is for all the things that have happened and how he will spend the rest of his life asking God for forgiveness. Being incarcerated has made him face his truth and he is determined to change his life. When he was upstate he enrolled in education and training classes to improve himself. Most of all he is devastated by how his incarceration is impacting his son. He does not want his son to grow up without a father the way he did. He loves his son more than anything in the world and he is determined to provide him a good future.

Your Honor, I plead with you to consider Tyrell's son when you make your decision about his sentence. I visit Tyrell every week and I bring his son to see him as much as possible. The length of his sentence and where he is placed will have a huge impact on his son and myself, and our whole family. Both his father and I are in poor health. We have been through so much. For us, for his son, I beg you for leniency.

Respectfully,

/s/  
Fawn Bracy